The Amusements of the Gods at Close Range.

BRAVE WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE

Turning Back the Old-Time Tradition of the Stage and Its Patrons. First Come, First Served, With No Regard to Sex or Anything

Whether it be the tendency of our people to sour, a proof of the theory that cream rises to the top, or the more practical reason of economy, the truth remains that the galleries of Washington theaters have long since passed in the process of evolu-tion from a condition of being temporary resting places for the one-suspendered gentry, bent on tobacco expectoration and appliance for blood and thunder climaxes, to the dignity of well-ordered places, which seat some of the most refined and cultured people of the city. This change has iess permeated night perform but makes itself more manifest at mati-nees. Here the hordes that once infested the galleries have made way for a determined thalanx of women, who have dis-covered this most delightful way of getting three hours' enjoyment out of 25 cents. When they took possession there was an exit of the peanut bag and the introduction of the bonton box. Paper hall fights have been superseded by decorous behavior, while the spectacle of feet dangling over the railing has become a alghtmare of the past Bearing these facts in mind, a party of

young people, including the writer, started out one bright Saturday noon to invade pro gr. longer held sacred to "gallery We had paid for orchestra chairs until our slim pockets were tottering under the strain imposed upon them. We had viewed plays at close range, until stage beauty seemed but an automatic combination of skin and rouge, and green paste board trees but a parody on nature. Alto gether we were ready for the herira to the gallery, since there, at a safe distance, one may keep her illustons and part of her money. At 12:30 on the day mentioned we arrived at one of the principal theaters of the city. The lobby was deserted and a single individual sat in the main teket office. Out in the streets department clerks armed with toothpicks and wearing that expression of satisfaction resulting from the consciousness of an inner man well fortified hastened back to the treadmill of routine work, while newsboys, whose outlis must on the marnew be law abiding and muzzled, made up for time to be los by crying their wares in shrill, piercing tones. It seemed too early for matine people to be at their post, but we strailed past the alley to the "peanut" entrance and found a dozen of more women standing around the door. They had preceded us, we learned, by about fifteen minutes, and were esidently thoroughly conversant with the maxims relating to "carly birds" and "avoiding the rush."

Their object was to get the choice of seats in the front row, the most desired goal of all gallery patrons. To fail in this enterprise would be to some equivalent to a failure in a school examination or getting a broby prize in progressive eachire Notwithstanding the early bour, we were just in time. Within almost as brief a petiod as it takes to tell it, there was a ten-atmeast regiment of people extending from the steps to the street and round into the alley. I was told that when wagons want to pass through the alley, the people who do not wish to lose their places merely drop on their knees and let the carts pass over them. The crowd, after attaining a certain size, seemed to grow smaller at new additions were made to it. Closer and closer its parts came together like a lease hale of cotton going through the copress. Here and there in the throng might seen a lone, lost, forgotten man, de late as the single oyster in the stew (in his case the stew of laughing, bustling femininity), and the gleem of the white heads of weral old ludies, who did not know what it was like, and wished they were out of it. But too latet The mass con tinued to occupy a smaller and smaller space as each recruit endeavored to source into the place she would have had if she had come earlier. Some small boys had inted upon the tailing and made ready to lean over the first coniers' heads when he door should be open.

A few ultra-fashionably attired people

with more elaborate decorations on top lest some passing acquaintance should setheir faces set for the "peanut" gallery and catch them in the disgraceful act of emining. The crowd watched them with much amusement, for most of the former were rather proud of their uncon ventional onling, despite the fact that no ials were on straight and they were stand ing on one another's feet-a performance that lack of space made not quite as essential as it would be in Chicago, but enough so to be anything but so thing stood there in cramped quarters, talking of the anticipated pleasure and other tonics which it suggested. One moment a declaration was neede that waiting was lots of fun and that the hot sim was not ob-Jectionable: the next there were impa patient complaints about the time the crowd must be kept outside. No one dopped to reflect that if the door should be open at 10 a.m. some people would be there before breakfast. Presently the attention of everyone was diverted by a handsome equipage which drove up nea the stage entrance. All necks were craned over the railing to catch a glimpse of a hand-ome couple, who alighted from the carriage and glided past like a vision, diance, not material but psychical, which bangs like a ralo around theatrical folks and makes them appear as remote from

the common world.
"Are they not magnificent?" sighed one young girl

Yes, yes," replied another. "Tell me is this one of the prerogatives of 'peanut "This is my first trip. other joys are in store for us? Give me perpendiculars, as Mrs. Malaprop would

"You will think of naught but perpe diculars when you start up the steps There are forty flights, and they are as

"Hill of Life," interpellated an enthusiastic little matinee girl, "but there is such a reward at the top you forget you were not borne up in a chariot or or-"Joys" cried another. "The joys of the

peanut are innumerable; not the smallest

the knowledge that there is only on

ndividual in this mass who will want to go out between the acts, and even he will The faint creaking of the door caused the lively clutter to cease, and then ther ensued one of the funniest scenes it has ever been the luck of a Washingtonian to witness. A stern, one m'ght say "set," expression imprinted itself upon the faces of those present. There was dead silence for a moment, followed by a quiver of exent. Every back was braced, every elbow turned into a sh'eld, and all eyes were fixed as if under Svengali's baleful

apell on the Herculean specimen of manbood

cted to stand goard and hold the mass.

H THE PEANUT GALLERY One of these mea, who has been at a leading theater for years, has acquired such one of these men, who has been at a trad-ing theater for years, has acquired such strength that he could almost keep an army at hay; he is truly a Lecaidas, unherakled and unsung, but his hair has silvered early in the struggle. As soon as a crack ap-peared in the door the excitement in-creased, and the multilude made ready for the charge. Three of four people fell into the corridor, almost executed a double omersault to the ticket off ce-flung down a quarter of a dollar-received in exchange a quater of a colar-received in exchange some dark-blue bits of pasteboard so be-grimmed and "germy" that bacilli in-vestigators could find every specimen of worm on them, and then have a few left over-and bolted up the stairs. The door-keeper stretched out his strong arm and resisted the forty-horse power pressure brought to bear upon it, until the first batch of people were well on their way. Then he let in a few more—then a larger number—and then—I found myself in a rush and roar as deafening as Ningara. It was necessary to run with all one's might to escape what was coming behind

I stopped once to help an old lady out of the line of the torrent, and in pausing for breath had a faint sensation of havin passed through it all before. It seems as remembrance quickened, that in some earlier stage of evolution we had all been briffaloes and had tramped like furies over the wild plains. That past had its counterpart in the "peanut" patrons turned loose. The man on guard at the door had at last fallen exhausted in the corner and the enemy was swarming into the pass To one outside, the sight of the ladiesskirts grasped at both sides and held up to the ankles, bodies heat double in the intense exertion of running and feet fly-ing from step to step-was, indeed, comical: but to one in the race only the serior phase of the situation presented itself, for on the rapidity of her movements depended the kind of seat she would be able to secure. It is a wonder that the crowding and pushing did not result in some one getting hurt, or at least angry: but all kept in a good humor, and the few falls that occurred on the steps did not seem

ing heroine into the depths of some frightful dangeon, or weep tears of delight when a star-spangled hero, shouting burning phrases, drags her therefrom. Nor do the evince great emotion at the sight of gauzily attired choruses or those painful acrobatic performances termed ballet dancing; but in some quiet, intense climax they

show their appreciation. For example, in "Castle Sombras," when Mansfield, as Sir John, stands gazing dreamily at the fading sunlight streaming through the stained glass window of his gloomy home Be has decided to sacrifice himself, to give up the idol of his life to another There is no storm save in his heart. He creeps like an old man broken-hearted to the great organ. There is then no sound in the gallery. The subtile dramatic power of the actor has enwrapped the audience as if in the garment of his own person ality They are almost Sir John himself so thoroughly do his sensations, his sac-rifices become theirs, and when his hands vander idly over the losys and the mourn ful melody is breathed rather than played. it ceases and Sir John buries his face in his hands, there is pain in their bearts as of a personal affliction. And then how Julia Marlowe affects them, when as a beggar girl she sits by the camp fire and tells in pathetic accents of her love for "Ponnie Prince Coartie"

Among "peanut" patrons are to be found some of the best critics. They know the false notes from the true, the rant from the expression of profound motion. They discover all the I tile in congruities of situation and inconsisten of character They detect defects that make a play, which orght to have the touch of life, slow and monotonous, and, above all, they would rather see a simple drama played with the artism art of such an actress as Annie Russell, than the thelling passages of "Romeo and Julet" man-gled in the mouths of indifferent players It is frequently asserted that the taste of heatergoers of the precent day is degenerating, and that the demand for farce and vandeville crowds out higher-class plays. It is also customary when a play to inflict any injuries. Within five mutes | is subtile rather than melodramatic, to say

COMMON PHILOSOPHY

The Search for Wisdom Once a boy sat on the front doorstep and studied his catechism; for he was a good

and studious boy. I And he read "Wildom is the principal thing; therefore get Wisdom."

And he said: "That sounds reasonable; I will hunt for Wisdom."
So he put his wardrobe in a red-speckled

handkerchief and started out to find Wis-He made acquaintance with the city, and the court, and the country districts, and the untutored tribes of the forest; but he could not find Wisdom. And most people told him he was a Fool, into the bargain.

Then, when he was an old man, and could hardly travel, he took his way home; and as he had gone completely around the earth in his journeyings he approached the house by the back way, his goods tied up in a red-speckled handkerchief. On the back doorstep Wisdom sat, watch-

ing the sunset.

"Where have you been all this time?"
she said. "I have been waiting for you.
But it is no matter, since you are now

The Town Mouse and the Country

"This summer," said Mrs. Filley thoughtfully, "I shall take the children out to Cousin Maria's. It is so healthy there, and they can eat berries, and drink rich milk, and romp on the haymows, and have areal good time. And it won't begin to cost so such as it will to go to the mountains, where they will have to be kept just so nice and clean. Nobody minds how we look in the country."

All the six children ate berries and drank milk, and their mother took a cup of cream each morning. The farmer's people breakfasted at 6 o'clock, but Mrs. Filley did not feel like getting up so early, so she and her family had their breakfast at 9. The scattered them to the four winds, and

kitchen, did not enjoy doing in the parlors, and was not accustomed to doing in the privacy of his own apartments. Mrs. Cornstalk went shopping to her heart's content; made Mrs. Filley a present of two Bo-hemian glass vases (at least, they were said to be such by the shopmen), which Mrs. Filley was oblated to keep on her parlor mantel design. numbel during the stay of her visitors. The whole family went to the theater several times. Mr. Filley bought tickets the first time, and after that found he was ex-Little Ephraim, who was not used to a cake and capdy diet, got into several quarrels with the Filley children to their great grief (for Ephraim was a strong boy, and had practice with his fists. He was also the youngest of the family, and somewhat spoiled). He a vase of real Bohemian glass also. was the reason Mrs. Cornstalk bought the

If Mrs. Filley had not had lingering thoughts that she might go to Hardscrabble for another summer, she would have had an opportune fit of illness long before she did. But the Cornstalks took their departure before her nerves actually broke cown. They had to go home and see to the sogar orchard.

Said Mrs. Cornstalk: "I've had a proper good time, Isabel, and so have Josiar and Ephraim."

Said Mrs. Filley: "Dear Cousin Maria, I have been so charmed to have you here! Do come again whenever you're in town!"

The Ambitious Mosquito.

There was once an ambitious Mosquito who grumbled because he was obliged to work in the dark. He said:

"Now, if they had only given a lantern to me, instead of to that idle, useless Fire-fly, I should not waste all this time buzzing around to find a place to take hold. Why can't I have a lantern, so that I can see to

bite more people?".

Jove heard the Mosquito, and according to the custom of Joves, called the anda nons Insect up above and answered his prayer in the affirmative. When a lantern had

BRAINS AND BRAWN. The annual report of the Amalgamate Society of Carpenters and Joiners con-tains some excellent suggestions and food for thought for members of organized labor throughout the world. The report is exhaustive in detail, and makes the

dyantages to members clear to any one The society, which was organized to 1860, is international, having branches established in nearly all the large cities in Europe, Australia, Canada and the United States, with an aggregate membenship of over 50,060 in good standing and receiving all the benefits guarantees m by the constitution of the society In speaking of the trade condition which have existed for the last twelve

months, the general secretary calls special attention to the "serious depression experienced in America." Otherwise, the secretary says, "it might with truth be stated that the whole of our members have been well employed and enloying better remoneration for their labor than ever before." And, as a result of this condition, the funds of the society, while onstantly increasing, have been very lightly drawn upon, many members being able to become contributors, who, under less fortunate circumstances, might have n compelled to become beneficiaries of the society.

In this connection it will be very gratifying news to those members of the local branch of the society who have not read the report, to learn that despite the depressed conditions which have existed dur-ing the last year in the United States, Washington branch ranks third in amount contributed to the central society for the general support of the or-ganization and the development of the trade interests. Another fact of which the mbers of the local branch are justly proud is that during the past year only six members have been dropped from the roll for any cause, while during the same period there has been a gratifying increase in the members added in full membership. Of this society, in all its branches and departments, the progress has been corres-

pondingly satisfactory during the last year. For this period an increase of thirty new branches is reported, and this, together with the constantly increasing membership of the older branches, is recorded as the best proof of the growing influence and power of the organization the progress of the society is found in that part of the report which deals with the finances of the organization. During the last year over \$630,132 was contributed in dues and assessments, by the employed members. Of this amount, \$495,250 was expended in the support of the society in the various departments, by far the greatest part being appropriated for sustaining the many charitable and beneficial features of the organization. Although this great amount mentioned has been expended by the society, the cash balance, \$529,780, a an increase of \$132,665 over that of the

The property of the society is valued at \$564,810.

The chief beneficial features of the so ciety and the amounts which have been expended in each department during the year are: "Unemployed" benefits, \$81,-045; sick benefits, \$124,575; funeral benefits, which include members' wives, \$22, 515; accident benefits, \$11,200; super nusted benefits, \$61,055. Besides these there are minor benefits and privileges of which the members may take advantage. Among these is the "fire, water and theft" fund, from which members are reimburses for the loss of all tools through the ravages

of either fire or water or by theft.
This fund was heavily deawn on last year, over \$18,420 having been paid out for tools lost to the members for some one

of these canses In concluding his report the general secretary says. "I do entreat you not to ellow your attention to be diverted, and to avoid divisions in our ranks created by the interduction of controversial subjects not con-templated when the pioneers of trades urions at first launched before an unsym-pathetic public a scheme of association destined to become such a powerful lever in the uplifting of the workers of this country, and which has revolutionized the whole relations between employers and employes.

A Picnic Adventure.

"I went to one of your moonlight picnics when I was a fresh youth of the period," laughed the head of the family to a visitor. "We drove eight miles to an inland lake where there was a dance plat-form. It was precisely the same thing that you call a pavilion in these days. For me reason it was not my night. As a starter, my horse ran away, and strouk the whole pimic party, assisted by most of the neighborhood, to rish the horse and rig out of the lake. Just as we got to dancing again a storm came up and drove us to the best shelter obtainable. It was impossible to keep any lights going, for

the night was black as the clouds. When this sudden squall came un some of the party were out in rowhous, and among those among whom I could not locate was the girl I had taken. When we had began to fear that they were lost a farmer brought in word that they had landed about a mile below and caught a stage that would take them hos was to look after their houses and buggles. In groping about I came upon a girl who was shivering and ismenting the ract that her escort was among those who had gone Of course, I promptly took ber under my wing and gave her all the more attentio muse I was getting some revenge upon

my missing partner. "The ride home was not a merry one, for it was so dark that we couldn't see the horse, and at every crossroad I had to feel about until I found a finger board and then shin up, light a match and ascertain which way to go. We were too opcomfortable to talk, and it was not far from daylight when we reached town."

"Of course, you fell in love with the girl "Not much. I didn't speak to her for six months. She was my sister and knew

me all the while."-Detroit Free Press. A Lunch Delivery Company.

A good midday lunch delivered at your office for 10 cents is something that one will hardly find outside of Chicago. In fact it was a comparatively new enterprise even here Like many other enterprises, it was born from a necessity, aided in a measure by ingenious energy. Less than a year ago a lunchhouse proprietor on Adams street began to deliver a few mid-day lunches to friends in different office buildings. He saw the possibilities in this new field of enterprise and hired two men to visit office buildings and secure ustom for the delivery of his lunches It met with favor and encouragement and grew and spread. Today not less than 5,000 lunches are delivered by a half dozen ompetitors, and the business is increa every day to large proportions. Not only are lunches delivered at the office buildings, but at the various department store, for

well as money is saved thereby. The moru is: Two nice ham sandwiches piece of pie according to the taste of int 10 cents delivered. Each limch is put It was here that the last sacrafice was up in a small paper box large enough for the purpose. In fact, there is new a factory that has begun to make these boxes for that especial purpose. It is a profitable business and has already begun to be felt by the other lunch places in the downtown dis-

THE CUSTER MASSAGRE

A Veritable Account of It From an Indian Source.

CHIEF GALL'S STATEMENT

Custer Was Altogether Deceived as to the Indian Strength and Purpose, While the Enemy Knew. Felt Their Power From the Start. The Indian View of the Battle.

"I am glad to be allowed to look once more upon my beloved fatherland tenere the Great Spirit calls me beyond the mountains and the hig sait sea."

These were the words of the Uncapapa Chief Gall, as he stood stalid and statuesque under the shadow of the Caster monut in the national cemetery on the Little big Horn, his still commanding but bent and aged figure silhouetted against a tracery of savage horizon, whose ragged lines were slowly beginning to melt into the summet

sky. The landscape stretching forth from the field where Custer fell was indeed one fitted to inspire the love and reverence conveyed by the words of the old sachem, hallowed as no doubt the scene before his was by the memory of half a century of war and chase and unrestrained brigandage, albeitthe progressive industrial development of the Crow Indians settled upon severally lands over much of its surface had even

then marvelously transformed it.

From the broken binffs upon which the monument points its plain, gray shaft up-ward, an illimitable sweep of valley and steppe lands stretches forth to a one out-line of snow-clad peaks. The silver curves of the Little Horn casting back the golden laire-points of the sun from silent pools and frothing eddles and wooded shores, here and there green meadows, toodered by yellow bench-lands, like emeralds set in amber, greet the eye in the wide monochrome of russel perspective, as a factor in the world of labor. Another and upon all rests now, as must have rested and perhaps more convincing evidence of in a far deeper sense when the Indian brave followed his quarry, or stole over the war trail anid the silent wastes, the indescribable gloom and melancholy which have ever wrought their spell over mountain scenery.
It was in June, 1888, ten years after the

battle of the Little Horn, that the Department of War conceived the plan of bringing Gall, the Sioux chief who led the allied tribal bands against Cluster, to the spot where the last chapter in the spic story of the Saxon conquest of the American frontier had its heroic scene of action, and there, in the presence of the few surviving officers of the Reno and Benteen detachments, who took part in the bloody affray, to secure from the Indian's lips on soout of the incidents of the massacre, and, by the aid of so prominent an actor in the event, to trace the movements of the ontending forces upon that fatal field.

It was indeed, a dramatic scene as tire aged Indian in the midst of a group of officers, with his trembling hand above his eyes, tooked long and earnestly over the imposing prespect, and from my place at the interpreter's side, where I stood to record the utterances that were that day to take as important a place in Ameri-can military annals as Tecumset's laid of the a wful butchery in the Florida swamp more than half a century before, the material thus presented for a striking and amortal historical painting impressed itself deeply upon me.

"We first saw Custer," the old chief said, slowly, as he pointed his shaking fuger oward the southeast, "on those big hills," meaning the Wolf Mountains, "atout daylight, and we could follow all his move-nicuts with our field glasses. As the head war chief, I ordered my men to strip and paint, and to make their hearts brave by a short dance, and then I posted them many concealed places where they could fight from cover or charge when the opportunity came Sitting Bull was never a leader to battle, and before and during this fight he was making medicine in his teres in the village. That washis business; mine was to command.

"Custer's men rode slowly at first, and we noticed that the men did not appear to sit upright in the'r saddles; they se to be tired. I knew that the yellow-haired warrier had mistaken our n his tactics, and from the first felt sure that he end his men were our game. We set a trap for him and he fell into it. That is about the truth of the matter. After the division, when Custer went one way and Reno another, we placed our forces to meet the separate attacks that it was clear the great horse-soldier in-tended to make, and I gave my men at the upper end of the village, the point charged by Reno, instructions to lead the troops across the river into the woods by a show of fight and then to turn on them. This was done, and ended in the flight of Reno and the men in his deta ment, who escaped across the Little Hora and up the bluffs on its farther side, where they made a stand. My chief attention was given to Coster, but just after the clash with Reno I went to the place where the engagement happened and near to where my tepes stood. I called to my wife as I came near it, but there was no answer. I then ran to the door, and looking in raw my wife and paposes lying dead, killed, I suppose, by stray shots. From that moment my heart became bad. I was mad with sorrow, and I spared nobody that day, fighting hand to hand with

a hatchet "Custer came on with his fine troops down a ravine, and when he got about a quarter of a mile of the Little Horn he sent a scout ahead to seek a crossing. The man was killed, and Cos ter then seemed for the first time to realize our numbers from the view he got of the village at this point. From here he turned and rode toward the bluffs along the river, and I gave the signal to close in on the troops. From every point my men sprang up, and we fought hand to hand over the ground for nearly a mile, to the point where the great leader fell at last, Our numbers were like the grass, and at no time was there any chance for the sol-diers to escape us. We were ten sholding

up his fingers) to their one.
"The soldiers were mostly frightened and seemed to give up, though their leaders kept them in line, and they followed their orders, not many of them breaking ranks. In some cases my men tore their guns out of their hands and clubbed them with them; but this was generally where they could not get the cartridge shells out to reload, the muskets being hot. I do not know anything about the body of Custer, as I never saw it. Our dead numbered forty-

Together with Col. Fenton and the other officers present the writer rode over the field with Gall and saw the points indicated in the narrative

To an American there can be no place more replete with interest than the na-tional cemetery on the Little Horn, whose 300 white stones mutely tell the story of the most pitiful tragedy in our listory. made in the pathway of conquering civi ization, though hundreds of brave men had gone before, and upon this binely hill the nation may fitly mourn its beroid dead, ing in the bosom of the Western frontier,

KING OSCAR SWEDEN QUEEN QUEEN OF ITALY OF BELGIUM QUEEN DENMARK CZAR RUSSIA QUEER WILHELMINA OF TOLLAND EMPEROR WILLIAM QUEEN OF ROUMANIA (CARMEN SYLVA)

after the door opens the gallery is usually about half filled. Then the two front rows of people settle themselves down to a well-carned rest. The others peer restlessly from side to side, hoping to find something better than they already have, One lady who had a good seat saw a better one on the other side. She started toward it, but a boy vaulted over the backs of several chairs and took gossession of

lady's former seat, so she lost her bird in hand as well as the one in the bush. One lady who came in late paid a small boy 25 cents for his seat and held hi her lap during the performance. Early comers frequently save a scat for a friend, and, owing to the politeness which prevalls in "peanut" circles, the right, th in doubt, is rarely ever disputed. An excellent custom of the gallery is the strict adherence to the practice of removing hats The bareheaded rows of even small ones. The bareheaded rows of the gallery would be a delight to the bald headed rows of the orchestra; but the desire of the latter to get a closer view of the stage keeps them among the feathered and "algretted" tribe which swarms on the lower floor, and intersperse dreams of millinery art with the panorama spread before them.

As the gallery is nearly filled before there is a sign of habitation on the lower floor one might think that the interval from the opening of the doors to the first sound of the orchestra would be monotonous, but those who have had experience know bet ter. There are no fron-clad rules to prevent each from enjoying herself in her own way. A few beads may be seen bent over book and magazines, some read all the jokes and advertisements on the programs, some of the run up the steps, but the majority talk. Coteries meet there regularly and discuss the subjects which interest them Here a group of school teachers tell ho they carry out object lessons to the lette of the law by bringing in cats to scrate the children's hands in order that the little ones may understand the mechanism of claws. Here a lot of high school lassies en thuse over basketball and brass-buttone cadets. Society girls point out the boxe in which they sat during an evening of grand opera, and discuss the latest fads Others, not so easy to classify, show the ength and breadth of their minds by talk ing of everything from an "ology" or "ism to wearing apparel. Some open neat pack ages of luncheon, which they did not have time to eat at home, and regale then with sandwiches and cake. Scraps of the elderly ladies' conversation reveal their solicitude about their grandchildren, the degeneracy of the world in general, and of the drama in particular. And so the time passes swiftly, and the three-quarters of

an hour which clapses before the curtai rises, sen reely seems ten minutes. The "peanut" crowds at the matinee in culture, as is made evident in their interest in and criticism of plays. They do not burst into thunders when a stereotype villain drage a shrick-

ENGLAND'S ROYAL GUESTS AT THE JUBILEE. that no concession is made in it to the galleries: but the galleries need no concessions of the kind intimated. The statement is now obsolete in fact if not in theory. Nor does any blame for the lowering of stage ideals jest with matinee audiences of the gallery. One, who watches the pairons of the latter stand for hours in the rain and snow of winter or the warm spring son waiting to get in to see Olga ethersole in one of her great tragedles Creston Clark, the very exponent of idealism: Julie Marlowe, Ot's Skinner, Sothers Henry Miller and a host of other standard players, will feel a thrill of pride in luheart that our aspirations still reach out to the higher art, and that if all the world be really but a stage, at least, it is not entirely made up of gauge and elitter.

The Boy Enjoyed Himself.

A Cleveland school boy went to a picnic last Saturday. It wasn't exactly a picnic it was really a day's outing, and the school boy put in twelve straight hours of it. big-hearted friend, who has a cottage on the lake shore, in: ited the school bay an a number of his associates to come out and make a day of it, and they went.

When the school boy got home his mother asked hie, if he had a good time,
"Splendid," he answered. "It's a great place to go. I got a busted thumb stopping a hot liner, and we had lots of

water and arnica, and while this was coine on the boy told of the pleasures of the day "Yes," he said, "we had lots to ent, and ice cream for supper, and we played base ball and Johnnie Sharp got his little finger knocked out of joint, and Jim Pettit got his nose smashed by a hot foul and we had dead loads of fun."

did you?" inquired the mother.
"No," he replied, "we rowed on the lake and Jack Larkins got six of the biggest disters you ever saw, and Joe Stray nearly fell overboard, and Wallie Smith combles from the bank and sprained his leg, and we had just a lovely time."

"You didn't play baseball all the time

"You didn't est too much, did you?" "No. 1 didn't, but Charlie Brown did and Oliver Jenks choked on a piece of banana, and we had to pound him on the back till he was black and blue "Oh, it's a splendid place to go, and want to again - cause we had such a levely

A Wingless Angel.

"-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An old darkey was encountered by the expedition sent by Uncle Sam for the relief of sufferers by the Mississippi floods. Uncle Eph was in a dilapidated-looking skiff or degout, which he was having con-siderable trouble keeping affoat. He was busy paddling with one hand and bailing out his craft with the other when the relief boat came within halling distance of him The captain of the relief boat called to him:
"Hello, there, uncle! What do you want?" swer. -St. Louis Republic.

spoiled the hay. They went into the back pasture and picked berries, and left the bars down, so that the best Jersey cow wandered down on the railroad track and met a train. The train did not round but there was not much left of the cow. Filley and her eldest daughter wore their bicycle suits without any skirts over their bloomers, and people asked Mrs. Cornstalk what kind of play actors them summer boarders were.

The whole family sat out on the front steps till 11 or 12 o'clock every night, and Mrs. Cornstalk made her husbaud keep awake so that he would not forget to lock the doors after them. Mrs. Cornstalk had to give up making butter that summer. She did not have enough milk for it to pay, even if she had had the time. She also had to give up going to church, for the break-fast dishes could not be washed before church time, and then there was dinner to get. So the Filley family took the horses and went to ride. The eldest daughter flirted with young Israel Cornstalk so that be was no earthly use to his father in having, and Sarah Maria Jenkins threw him over at once when she heard of it. His mother was sorry, for Israel is a good

boy when he isn't meddled with. When the Filley family left Hardscrabbi in September they left a decimated flock of chickens, a barren dairy, empty sheives, where once were long rows of perserve set of parlor furniture, which the whole Cornstalk family had skimped for years

in order to but

Said Mrs Filley: "I've had a lovely time. Cousin Maria, and I should like to come here every summer if I had my way Sald Mrs Cornstalk: "Well, Isabel,

"Josiar," said Mrs. Cornstalk, "I think we ought to make Isabel a visit pretty she was down here last summer, and Mr. Filley, too. We might go up that a spell in March."

"Well, just as you say, Mariar," said Mr. Cornstalk: "We better take little Ephraim, I guess, and the other boys can look arter things on the place." So the Cornstalks went to town

They arrived about 7 o'clock, and after metd had shown them into the parlor Mrs. Cornstalk remarked, "Less go right out and surprise 'em. I can hear They were at dinner, and the dinner was

given to the Honorable Emily Stanley, of

lertford Hall, England, and her coustn. Mrs. Lancaster The Cornstalk family did "We thought it wa'n't no use goin' to otel so long as you was right here," said

Mrs. Cornstalk, sociably. In her room, after the company had gon that evening, Mrs. Filley had a fit of

The Cornstalks stayed a month. Cornstalk did not enjoy himself so much as the others. He had little to do but read the papers, which he could not do in the

been firmly affixed to the Mosquito's tail, Jove inquired: "And you will never wish to get rid of this gift? "Oh, no indeed," said the Mosquito

"Very well," said Jove, "but let me know if you do." Then the Mosquito sailed in, as proud as a small boy marching with the band, to find place to bore. It was not long before his penetration was rewarded. And the pene

trated personslapped at bim. Ordinarily, he who slaps at a Mosquito slaps himself, for the Mosquito is not there But in this case the lantern revealed the exact whereabouts of the Insect, which died in a hurry. Then about a bundred of its numble relatives who no lanterns on their tails, came to the fu-

neral "I wonder what became of that Mos quito?" thought Jove. "I expected him to come back here before this."

Jack Frost as a Host.

Speaking of country merrymakings, said an Army man at the club the other evening, "rerainds me of one which I attended several years ago, when I was a small boy, in fact." The speaker was a war veteran from Maine, so the listeners immediately located the story away back in the thirties. "It was a church socia-ble at our bouse, and, of course, they had cider. My father was a strict temperand man, and would not hear of such a thing as wine or brandy, but he drank cider and never thought anything about it. It was a fearfully cold night, and the guests were half-frozen. I was sent down celtar presently to fill the cider pitcher, and by chance stumbled upon a barrel on the cold side of the cellar, which had frozen all we always like to have to have folks feel around the sides. The alcoholic element to home " did not freeze, and was all gathered together in the middle of the barrel, so that my pitcher was She spoke so pretty about it when filled with a beverage almost pure alco-was down here last summer, and Mr. hol. Well, sir, in about half an hour those people were the merriest crowd that ever a saw. They didn't suspect what it was they were drinking; they only thought they were having a real good time."

I dropped in upon a Chicago importer of Greek wines the other day and found him usily pasting New York labels on his bot-"Don't you bottle your goods here?"

"Yes." he replied "Then why do you use a New

"I am preparing a shipment for f Louis," he said. And I thought I detected a peculiar movement in one of his eyelids. -Chicago Times-Herald.

No Match Factory. Miss Lovelace-Ah, that was

ige made in beaven! we have of that place is that there is no marrying or giving in marriage there-Philadelphia North American.

the clerks and other employes. Time as

the patron, pickles, small bit of cheese, paper napkin and toothpicks. This costs trict.-Chicago Herald.